

The most lamentable Tragedie

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Loe as the Barke that hath dischargd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she wayd her anchorage;
Commeth *Andromachus*, bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rights that we entend.
Romaines, of fife and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines alieue and dead:
These that suruiue, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their auncestors.
Heere *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkind, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why sufferst thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of *Stix*,
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred Receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobility,
How many sonnes hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more.

Lucius. Giuevs the proudest prisoner of the *Gothes*.
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeard,
Nor we disturbd with prodigies on earth.

Titus.

of Titus Andronicus.

Titus. I giue him you, the noblest that suruiues,
The eldest sonne of this distressed Queene.

Tamo. Stay Romaine brethren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonne to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,
For valiant dooings in theyr Countries cause?
O if to fight for King and common weale,
Were pietie in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, staine not thy tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice noble *Titus* spare my first borne sonne.

Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are they brethren, whom you *Gothes* beheld
Alieue and dead, and for they brethren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T appease their groning shadowes that are gone.

Lucius. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,
Lets hew his limbs till they be cleane consumde.

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious pietie.

Chiron. Was euer Sythia halfe so barbarous?

Demet. Oppose not Sythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to rest and we suruiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning looke,